## Literature, &c.

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From Sartain's Union Magazine. LOVE AND GLORY.

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By the banks of the Bodmer See, looking By the banks of the Bodmer See, looking down upon the clear green water from a shaded knoll, sat a group of four young persons. Two of them were sisters, but while one was dark-haired, and displayed, in the mysterious depths of her jet black eye, the sleeping passions of Italian parentage, the other, with flaxen ringlets, and orbs of gentle blue—blue as the smile of heaven upon the stream of the young Rhine—might have stood for the representative of Saxon beauty, but for a grace of sentative of Saxon beauty, but for a grace of form by far too perfect for the North. They were both stamped in every feature with the true nobility of nature, and in every attitude with a grace that speaks habitual acquaintance with refined society. The former was clad with some pretension, and, in the rich jewel that graced her finger, one might read a bud-ding desire for distinction, while the garb of the latter was simple and plain as that of the Highland peasant, though worn with a taste that removed her far above the vulgar.

The young men who sat by their sides were equally contrasted in garb and in complexion. The one was tall, muscular, erect, with a dark brow and stately bearing. He seemed formed for the court and battled-field. The other was for the court and battled-field. The other was lithe, fair, well rounded, and gentle of aspect, but there shone a calm fire in his gray eye, that bespoke a will indomitable it roused, though lulled by the affections and subject to the reason. The poetry of nature and the soft ardour of love were legible in every lineament; yet, though he would have smiled at the childishness of military pomp, there was manly daring in every movement of the young mountaineer.

Youth clings to its own likeness; and as this lovely group was seated on the grass, the dark eyed beauty, with head proudly erect, rested her arm upon the shoulder of her dark browed companion; while the fair maid of the flaxen ringlets lay half reclined upon the bosom of the gentler hero, playfully disparting his golden locks.

Let us give names to our dramatist personæ The ladies, Giuliana and Wilhelmina, were daughters of a Venetian noble, who wise beyond his time, foresaw the rapid decline of the Bride of the Adriatic, the moment that the shout that hailed the discoveries of Diaz and De Gama aroused the Italian echoes, with sounds more ominous to her, than the volcanic mutterings beneath the wave washed co-lumns of her pride. 'Italy has culminated,' said he; the empire of the sea rests now up said ne; the empire of the sea rests now upon Spain, and the sun of our glory sets on us
forever. I will to the mountains and barter
fame for peace.' He realized to the best advantage his available wealth, and removed
with his fair countess to her native land, the
cliff encircled Canton of Zurich; where, in
two years he died, leaving his orphan's to a

mother's care.

Here, among the magnificent scenery of snow-clad heights and charming glens, of quiet lake and bounding stream, these ladies grew from childhood almost to maturity, drinking from the font of nature such inspiraelder made herself sister of the glacier and and the towering crag, while the junior worshipped at the waterfall, culled flowers by the rushing Limmat, or lay supine beneath the weeping larch, while her soul mounted, dove-like, to lose itself in the blue and rosy ocean of the upper air, as the still flood of tempered daylight rested on the peaks of the distant Alps. Thus early were developed the traits which marked the one for the disciple of Love—the other, of Glory.

Giuliana, being by one year the senior, had reached eighteen, when their mother saw fit to transfer them to the care of a female rela-tive, resident in Constance, that they might there enjoy the instruction of superior teachers in some of the accomplishments; the Bishop of that See being a patron of female education. The gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman faith had charms for the well-eyed Giuliana, but the odoar of the sacrifice of Huss and Jerome, wasted upward from the scene of their suffering, had settled down into the deep glens and vales of Switzerland, and rested there, like the spicy airs of India in a mountain gorge, and the winds and storms of a century had not sufficed to dissipate it. Both ladies brought with them the freedom of soul that already began to blossom in the first Pro-testant Canton of Switzerland, and the freedom of manners proper to the people of the eternal hills, where social pretension is awed into modesty, by the presence of the majesty of nature. They were not immured in the conventual school, to await in seclusion for the fiat that should determine their destiny in life Their young hearts were untrammel-ed, and they were left in unrestrained association with two promising youths then studying in Constance whose introductions to their guardian removed all need of caution. wonder, then, that Giuliana should lean with wonder, then, that Guidana should lear with pride upon the shoulders of the lordly Sigis-mund, while the gentle Wilhelmina frankly aported with the tresses of the agile Bassil? They were mutually affianced by their own choice, and there were none disposed to say them nay.

' How beautifully the mist shadows that glen on the opposite side of the lake,' said Wilhelminn; 'every rock, and tree, and tiny

cascade, looks clearer to the sight for the very obscurity. All harshness is lost behind the silvery veil, but the grass, the tall pine, and gray granite, stand forth, smooth and beautiful, like the reflection of a picture in a mirror. Beauty itself seems more beautiful, when we

see it through a veil.
Love is a veil, my charming Wilhelmina, replied Basil, 'and, I fear I owe to it one-balf the seeming excellencies which have made me the happiest Swiss that ever shot a chamois.'

chamois."

'Love and humility,' replied the girl, with a smile; 'that glen reminds me of the little gem of a valley scooped from the side of the Glarus, at the head of Zurich Water. I pointed it out to you last vintage, when the leaves were beginning to brown with the autumn wind, and the water was all gold with the evening light, as we turned our boat towards home on the approach of twilight. How haphome on the approach of twilight. How hap-pily we could live there in a little cottage. with the cliffs to keep away our enemies, and the lake a pathway for our friends. Humility should be the veil to smooth the roughnesses of fortune, and Love. like a silvery mist, should hide from each the other's faults—bringing out our virtues in what, if I understand it right young Panhaal. stand it right, young Raphael, my reverend teacher's tutor, calls *chiar-oscuro*. Shall we not live there when we marry dearest Basil? 'If you wish,' said Basil, as his fingers push-

ed back a ringlet from her torehead; and he gazed into her pleading eyes with a glance of

quiet happiness.
'Surely,' exclaimed Giuliana, 'you would not immure my father's daughter and my sister in that wilderness! She was born to grace a palace, and her birth entitles her to something lottier than the peasant's cot.— When Sigismund returns to Normandy, his noble uncle will hardly permit the brother-in-law of his adopted heir to remain unnoticed in a valley of the Alps, when his interest may be served by such a relative at the court of France.'

'Your sister,' replied the young man, 'was born to grace any station: the humblest, as the proudest. Her birth entitles her to choose her fate; and if she preferred the tinsel of a court, and the parade of a hypocritical church, to God's own temple in the Alus and the se-

court, and the parade of a hypocritical church, to God's own temple in the Alps, and the palace of the stars, for her sake I might brook dependence, and bow to the generous Sigismund for a crumb of patronage; but she has chosen more wisely and more nobly."

'Bold words, by the ashes of the faggot and the stake!' said Sigismund, glancing cautionsly around; 'but,' he added quickly, 'I relish the bigotry of Rome, and the dissipation of Paris, as little as yourself, good Basil. So, when our studies are completed, I intend to dwell with you in Zurich, till the air of these mountains has braced my nerves and knit my frame, that I may strike for the freedom of my native land. Norwegian on my father's side, freedom is my inheritance; for Norway side, freedom is my inheritance; for Norway knows no serf. A Swede by birth—thanks to my noble mother, who is of the house of Eric, and related to Gustavus Vasa—I am Norman only by adoption, and shall receive no favors that bind me in fealty to France. No, Basil; though I owe to a Norman uncle my education and my present means, my claims are deeper in another land. My rights are confiscated by tvranny; and a satellite of Christian the Dane now treads my father's halls. But day will soon dawn upon Swelen, like morning on the Lapland hills when the sun is about to scatter the long Polar night. When morn comes, I strike for glory and my country. Gustavus is groaning in captivity; and the 'Nero of the North,' the assassin of the best blood of Sweden, oppresses without check all ranks of my unhapper country men. py countrymen. But the Norwegians are uttering revenge; the freemen of the mines and the peasants of Dalecarlia wait only for a leader. That leader I will be, if no one nobler claims from me the truncheon. This is a the shade of an Alpine valley! When the day comes, will you not join me, Basil?'
The bosom of the stately Giuliana swelled, as her proud glance of approval fell upon the

as net productions and control approvaries upon the speaker.

'Call not my ease ignoble,' quietly remarked his friend. 'I cannot see all the glory that you claim for the mere soldier, fighting for king and country, when the issue is not the happiness of all, but the elevation of the few What is the result of all such struggles? To have a control for sand struggles? change one tyrant for another! And shall that other be yourself? No, Sigismund; my patriotism begins here' (laying his hand gently on the head of Wilhelmina). 'If tyranny of soul or body should taint the atmosphere of my native valley, I may find a martyr's or a patriot's grave; but I will not sacrifice an angel's peace for the applause of mobs, or fight to overturn one king or noble to place a scep-tre in another hand! What say you to these

principles, my Wilhelmina?'
'We will prove them, dear Basil; and in twenty years, let those who are still living decide which has judged rightly, said the fair girl, as she flung an arm around the neck of the speaker, and, with a half sorrowful smile, fixed upon her sister a gaze that seemed to read the future.

Years passed, and the four actors in our drama had long resided in the quiet vale of Switzerland was agitated, it is true, by Austrian policy, and the fierce struggles between Luther and the Popes; but Sigismund, in his comfortable villa, was heedless to al! questions foreign to his one great purpose—the re-establishment of his ancestral honors; and Basil, happy with his Wilhelmina in their romantic cottage at the head the lake, asked only for the freedom of the mountain-side, and the liberty of conscience Itawas a levely afternoon in May. The wild

flowers scattered odours along the valley .-Giuliana sat with an infant at the breast and another at her knee. Suddenly Sigismund

rushed into the apartment.
'Joyl joy!' he cried. 'Give me joy, Giu-liana! Gustavns has escaped, and Sweden

shall now be free!'
Cold, indeed, was the thrill that shot thro'
the heart of the lady. 'And you?'—It was

all she could utter.
'And I!' he answered, almost fiercely.— 'And I' he answered, almost hereely.
'Can a hero's bride inquire? I go to rouse the miners of Norway; to fight—perhaps to die—by the side of Gustavus Vasa'
'And these?' She glanced, with a troubled eye, from the infant at the breast to the infant at the knee

infant at the knee.
'They and you will be safe at the cottage 'They and you will be safe at the cottage of Basil, and our cause needs means. This villa must be sold. Make haste, my Giuliana prepare for your removal to the cottage of your sister. To-morrow I fly to the North.'
'Oh, God! Be not so cruel, Sigismund. Let me go with you—let me but share your fate, I cannot bear your absence.'
'Subject our infants to the chances of a civil war? Preposterous! Giuliana, you have worshipped Glory; repine not at her just demands. Glory permits no rival; and the hero's motto is, 'My country and my love!'

Bitter were the reflection's of the hero's bride, as month by month, she wandered around the glen, at the head of the lake, and heard the winds of the mountain and the thunder of the avalanche, eternally repeating, What is man and his glory?' Years passed, but still her spirit was unbroken. The distant echoes of Sigismund's rising fame brought food for her ruling passion. Even the sportiveness of her children, who gambolled along the stream, or cast pebbles into the lake, and laughed at the circling ripples, careless of all laughed at the circling ripples, careless of all things but the simple beauty of Nature. brought with it a pang. Her pride could ill endure the quiet happiness of Wilhelmina and her husband; and, to her jaundiced view, there was something vulgar in this absence of ambition, which, as she feared, might prove an evil to the young minds of her offspring. Oh, that this war were over, and Gustavus established in his rights. Then, at the Swedish court, my infants might acquire more dish court, my infants might acquire more noble thoughts, from the example of their princely father.

princely father.'

Three years had flown, and news of the investment of Stockholm had given a ray of hope to the lonely wife, when at the close of a bright summer day, a little bark was seen beating against the wind, and approaching the glen. Just as the shadows of evening began to obscure the view, it reached the beach, and the Lady Giuliana was clasped in the arms of Sigismund.

'Joy, once more joy, my Guiliana ! he ex-claimed. 'Leave Basil to welcome my companions, and come with me to the cottage .one month ago, the crown of Sweden was offered to Gustavus Vasa. Weakly he thrust it aside, and is now the 'Administrator' of my native land. But the greatest evils of civil war are over. Gothland is ours, and Upsal. King he shall shortly be; and to-morrow we will leave for another scene, where the assembled nobility of Sweden shall justify my choice. Lead me to my boy.' justify my choice. Lead me to my boy.'
'And girl?' inquired the wife, with a half-

reproving smile.
Yes, truly—to my boy and girl; but you will acknowledge that I naturally thought first of him by whom our house's honor is to be sustained.'

The mother sighed, but the wife leaned proudly on her hero's arm, and what she thought was happiness came over her as bright visions of the future rose before her.

Well, other years have passed. The tyrant has falled, and Gustavus is king. The crown is declared the inheritance of his children.—Peace reigns around, and the monarch stands. Peace reigns around, and the monarch stands the bulwark of a liberal faith and the patron of liberal arts. In a palace looking upon the Maeler, sits the Lady Guiliana. A beautiful boy and a lovely little gul are sporting around her. She muses on the thousand perils to her loud—the thousand trials of her own lot—during the memorable struggles of Gustavus. from the first offer of the crown to the final establishment of his power; she thinks over the petty jealousies and rivalry of courts, by which she has been perpetually annoyed, since she exchanged the humble garb in which she arrived from Zurich, for the emblazoned robe that beseems the wife of a magnate of the realm. She asks herself with a sigh:
'Can this be all that Glory brings its volary?' But her glance roams round the magnificent apartment, and reverts to the playful her children. 'These shall enjoy the good that I have sought at so much sacrifice of home-born happiness.' She spoke, and she was happy. But, at the moment, in stalked was happy. But, at the moment, in stalked the noble Sigismund, tresh from the tournament and victory, where, but an hour before, she saw his rival overthrown, and his brows crowned by beauty, in the presence of his monarch. That glorious exercise of olden times had warmed his visage into anwonted beauty. The heavy mail sat lightly on his Herculean limbs, and the stout ashen staff trembled with the vigor of his grasp. She sprang to meet him, and as her cled his steel-clad neck, she felt in its full force how glorious a thing it is to be the wife

Giuliana,' said the Count, 'my king commands my services upon a mission to the Em-peror, and we must leave by to-morrow's sun. This time we shall not be separated; for, as I intend to join the army of Christendom against the Turk, who again threatens Europe with a deluge of blood, my absence will be

long, and I shall need your care and solace in the interval of arms.?

'Your glory is my law. I will prepare the children immediately,' said Guiliana.

'The children!' exclaimed the Count; what madness has possessed you! Think you, the heir of a long line of ancestry, and the fair flower of our house can be permitted to grow up in ignorance and vice amidst the perpetual changes of the camp and the vicissitudes of war? They must away to Zurich, to the care of Basil and your sister. The schools of Switzerland are among the very best of Europe?

best of Europe?

Like a snow-rift from a rock, glided the Lady Guiliana from the steel corselet of the hady Guillana from the steel corselet of the hero. She flung herself upon a seat, and as the children sprang instinctively upon her, in sympathy with sorrow they scarcely understood, 'This is too much!' she cried; but drawing himself up in the plenitude of his pride, 'It must be borne,' said he with unwonted sternness, and strode from the apartment.

How fearful are the changes wrought by twenty years. Within the shadow of Saint Stephen's in Vienna, stands a marble sepulchre. The stone is loaded with armorial beatings, and records of the glorious deeds of him who should repose within;—and does he not? From the midst of a heap of indiscriminate dead, upon a battle-field in Hungary, men drew forth certain shattered, blackened remnants of powder-torn humanity, and calremnants of powder-torn humanity, and cal-led them Sigismund.

How touching are the changes wrought by twenty years. In a quiet churchyard at Zu-rich there is a marble slab. Beside it rise three little noteless mounds. A pestilence had swept the land. The loathsome small pox visited villa and cottage. Then warworn veterans looked pale with terror, the child forsook the parent, and the mother desired has offenning the minimum of both and contains the minimum of child forsook the parent, and the mother deserted her offspring; the ministers of health refused their office, and the ministers of religion trembled and stood aghast. But there was one who maintained his post undaunted. Whenever there was suffering, there was he. He supported the aching head, he soothed the aching heart, and bore to their last rest the festering remains of wealth and poverty, commingled and confused beneath the pressure of the general calamity. The plaque sure of the general calamity. The plague invaded his hearth, but he did not pause. Two, tenderly beloved, who were sheltered beneath his roof, were taken:

'God kindly spares my own!' said the afflicted man. His only child was stricken:—'God leaves me still my wife!' At length he was himself cast down. His last words

be was himself cast down. His last words were—'Oh God let this suffice.' And it did suffice. From that moment the plague was stayed; and as they bore him to a quiet corner of the church yard at Zurich. as a brother the victim of love and daty.

The marble upon his grave bears this inscription;—'Basil lies here, and Withelmina waits. Love never dies, for God himself is

Two women in the garb of deep mourning, sat in a little chamber of the cottage, in the glen, at the head of Zurich water. On a desk

glen, at the head of Zurich water. On a desk between the mica glazed windows lay a Lutheran Bible, in the German tongue, and a softly-cushioned kneeling-bench beside it, gave evidence that the precepts of that volume were not lost upon the mourners.

'Are you aware, dearest Wilhelmina,' inquired the elder lady,' that this day completes the twientieth year since we sat with those that are gone, on the grassy knoll near Constance, and disputed the claims of Love and Glorv? How bitter is the recollection! To me all is lost. The hero of my heart is already forgotten; his line is extinct. My son ready forgotten; his line is extinct. My son sleeps in this lonely valley, and others are revelling in my husband's halls. So much for Glory! But Love also deceives us, dear sister: you are as desolate as 1.

Glory! But Love also deceives us, dear sister: you are as desolate as 1.'

'Nay, say not desolate, my Giuliana,' replied the younger. 'I have learned from that volume that all mankind are my brothers; I have learned it from the practice of my angel husband. I can not be alone.'

'Alas, Wilhelmin, you know not what it is to be the centre of a thousand eyes, to see wealth and power bending at your feet, and then lose all—not even an heir left to keep alive the memory of your triumphs. You have lived calmly in your narrow sphere, and know not the loss of splendors and distinctions for which you have sacrificed all the comforts of home, and even the society of your children. You know not what it is to feel the purposes of a life destroyed, leaving you, like a wrecked vessel on a desolate you, like a wrecked vessel on a desolate shore, helpless and hopeless' 'Sister! Have I not laid my only child

upon the bosom of my only earthly love, in the cold ground of Zurich?

Then why this calmness-this peaceful, nay happy look—while my soul is wandering, ghostlike among the cliffs. listening to the shock of the battle in the roll of the thander, and the groans of the dying in the echoes of the avalanche? My spirit knows no rest; and in the stillness of the night I hear the voice of my husband, in the wind through the

casement, whispering:
'' Giuliana, we have lived in vain!'' 'If you have loved as I have, how can you be happy?'

Were you really happy, sister, in all the pride of wealth and power? Were you not ever longing for the future—struggling for something more? Can pride be satisfied, or ambition reach content? Here in this val-ley my Basil and myself have lived, blessing and being blessed. Forgive me. sister, if I ask, does any one bless the hero, whose trade makes desolate the beauths that Love strews with flowers? My Basil has gone from my